SNAKE EYES

"Pilot"

Written by

Caroline Roshelli & Lilly Panas

12/09/24

Lilly Panas
lmp80343@uga.edu
Caroline Roshelli
cgr56107@uga.edu

EXT. VICTORIA'S APARTMENT - STAIRS - LATE AFTERNOON

Victoria, a 21 year old wearing an oversized leather jacket, bags under her eyes, and curly hair, picks up a shiny ruby RED RING as she walks up the stairs leading to her apartment. She looks around and slips it on.

EXT. VICTORIA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY

Her neighbor, his arms full of GROCERIES, is trying to unlock his door. His bag RIPS and items fall through the bottom. Victoria glances at him and walks past.

INT. VICTORIA'S APARTMENT

LAUNDRY, BOTTLES, and TAKEOUT BAGS are scattered in the living room. Posters of musicians fill the walls. She grabs a beer from the fridge.

As soon as she collapses onto the couch - banging at the door.

BEATRICE
Vicky! I have news for you!

The door swings open and Beatrice, early 30's, wearing a wide smile on her face and bleach blonde hair, waltzes in.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
Girl! Ugh! What died in here?

Victoria smiles slightly and raises her eyebrows.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
That new band you've been listening to is at Pony's tonight. Wanna go? Get some free drinks and terrorize the locals?

Victoria giggles.

VICTORIA
Could never pass up a night of terrorizing with you.

Beatrice throws away some of the trash and puts some dishes in the sink.

Victoria presents her hand to Beatrice.

Created using Celtx

VICTORIA
Look at this ring I found. Looks antique-ie

BEATRICE
(playfully)
Hopefully that's the magical dishes ring so you don't need me to clean up your place anymore.

VICTORIA
I don't *need* you to. I thought you just enjoyed volunteer work.

Victoria tosses a fork in the sink as Beatrice washes dishes.

BEATRICE
Oh my god - you know what else? I heard mom just got out of rehab.

Victoria rolls her eyes.

VICTORIA
Jesus. Do *not* let her stay with you again. She deserves to suffer for all the shit she's done. And before you even say anything no- I don't care that she was our mother. She gave up being that a long time ago.

Beatrice purses her lips.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get ready, leave in an hour?

INT. PONY'S

Victoria and Beatrice grab drinks at a crowded dive bar. Victoria carries an old PURSE. The stage is set up with the band's gear.

VICTORIA
Time to find my husband.

Victoria takes Beatrice's hand and ventures into the crowd, pushing people out of her way.

INT. PONY'S - IN THE CROWD

Victoria slams into a woman. STOUT WOMAN turns around with an irritated expression, Victoria chortles.

Created using Celtx

VICTORIA
Oh my god, haven't seen you since high school! Working at that burger place sure did a number on you.

The Stout Woman steps away with tears in her eyes. Beatrice grabs Victoria's shoulder and spins her around

BEATRICE
Girl. Unnecessary.

VICTORIA
(sarcastically)
Aw, was I mean?

INT. PONY'S - BY THE STAGE

Beatrice scrunches her eyebrows while staring at the ring on Victoria's hand. She grabs her hand, inspecting. The ring emits a soft **glow**.

VICTORIA
Oh cool! This thing is glow in the dark!

BEATRICE
A glow in the dark gemstone?

Victoria shrugs.

INT. PONY'S - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

A man wearing dark eyeliner holding a guitar strap stands close to a woman, chatting with a grin on his face.

Victoria squints her eyes at her then and looks at Beatrice.

BEATRICE (CON'D)
Mmm, nope. You don't even know him. You're not a groupie.

Victoria walks over smirking and lightly squeezes his arm. She does not acknowledge the other woman.

VICTORIA
(high pitched)
Rodney, hi, I am your *biggest* fan. Love what you do on that stage.

Created using Celtx

RODNEY
Oh, thank you, I think you'd enjoy Sasha's work too, she's our new -

Without breaking eye contact with him,

VICTORIA
Oh *wow*, must be *such* an honor to work so close to -

Beatrice hurriedly walks over and locks arms with Victoria.

BEATRICE
Yes! Amazing! Thanks!

Beatrice pulls Victoria aside and widens her eyes.

BEATRICE
Hey groupie! Squeezing a stranger's arm? Do I need to get one of those kiddy backpack leashes for you?

VICTORIA
Yeah, whatever. I'll just have to find the drummer later on.

Beatrice rolls her eyes.

BEATRICE
Alright Mrs. Boy Crazy. I need to touch up my lipstick, come with?

INT. PONY'S - BATHROOM

Beatrice applies lipstick in front of a mirror. There are empty stalls and a GIRL ON CRUTCHES waits in front of the handicapped stall.

Victoria exits the handicapped stall. The girl on crutches glares at her.

VICTORIA
Hey - accessible, not reserved.

Beatrice unintentionally giggles and then shakes her head at Victoria. Victoria washes her hands.

BEATRICE
Want some lotion?

Created using Celtx

Victoria nods her head and tries to take her glowing ring off. She PULLS at it for a few moments.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
Fits you perfectly, huh?

VICTORIA
Yeah - um - kind of weird, it really won't come off.

BEATRICE
Lemme try.

Beatrice WIGGLES, TWISTS, and PULLS at the ring. It does not budge. She puts a dab of lotion on her finger and rubs it around the RING. She TUGS on it again - no movement.

Beatrice shrugs. Victoria's eyebrows are furrowed and her jaw is open.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
Girl don't worry about it! You'll get it off with some coconut oil or something. Let's go see your husbands in action.

As Victoria closes the bathroom door, the RING begins to subtly glow.

INT. PONY'S - OUTSIDE BATHROOM DOOR

Victoria winces and her hand flinches. A mark on her ringed finger resembles a bug bite.

She steps and her PURSE catches on the door handle, RIPS, and spills onto the floor. A few glance, but none come to help.

The Stout Woman bumps into Victoria, who scrounges things from the floor. Victoria loses balance and falls from her crouched position. The Stout Woman laughs.

Victoria scowls. She glances toward the stage and sees Rodney kiss Sasha on the cheek.

She stands and makes her way to the bar. From the corner of her eye she sees the ring flash a bright and unnatural red.

END OF PILOT.

Created using Celtx